

# Good 250 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



## ANDY'S KEEN ON "WAGON WHEELS"

### STOKER ARTHUR BENNETT

"WAGON Wheels," that old, haunting dance tune, is now the theme song, Stoker Arthur Bennett, of your mischievous younger cousin, 16-year-old Andy McChrystal, of 61 Clarence Street, Wigan. And in more ways than one, too.

It was while he was mending the huge iron wheels from "sick" railway wagons in the course of his new job at the Central Wagon Company, Wigan—that he told us the news which ought to make you grin.

In spite of his vehement refusal to be persuaded by you to attend a dance, now he's actually learning the "side steps" and "reverse turns," and all the courtly arts and graces of the ballroom.

And nowadays, as he wields his spanner and his plane in the job of repairing old railway wagons, the former boyhood songs have been replaced by lusty renderings of dance tunes—and "Wagon Wheels" is his favourite dance rhythm.

You don't believe it? Well, listen to what he told us: "I used to think dancing was just sissyish—and told Arthur so—but I've changed my mind. He'll have his revenge on his next leave."

But that is not the only way in which cousin Andy is following your footsteps (and to copy is the highest form of praise!), for he's an enthusiastic member of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps, with the highest hopes of entering the Navy himself one day as a signaller.

Andy is interested in his new role as sturdy "nursemaid" in this hospital siding which is used for bringing youth and vitality back to old and weary railway wagons. But he remembers with a smile the days when he worked side by side with yourself at another works.

And this was his parting shot, as he stood leaning against an ancient, battered specimen of a wagon in the "yard," his tousled hair blowing in the breeze: "So you want to make Arthur chuckle, eh? Ask him if he's found a cap big enough to fit him, because I always told him he had a big head!"

# PUB BRAWL Leads

25 JAN 1944  
STUART MARTIN  
tells you the story

## to Strangest Legal Tangle

(Part I)

BEER and good spirits were in full flood at the "Golden Anchor."

Alfred Rebbeck, the potman, was so busy handing it out that the spring door between the taproom and the counter was never still.

Michael Harrington, a big, burly man, was singing "The Ship's Carpenter" in the bagatelle room. In the taproom opposite were many Italians, where dancing was going on.

The British party kept to the bagatelle room and the Italians to the taproom, for there was little love lost between the two, although several English girls were dancing with the Italian squad.

For this was the year 1865, during which Garibaldi visited Britain, and there had been brawls not only at the "Golden Anchor," but elsewhere in London.

It only needed the Italians to cry "Viva Garibaldi!" for Irishmen to retort "Long live the Pope!" and then some rowdy Protestants would yell "To Hell with the Pope!" And the fight was on.

The "Golden Anchor" was situated at the junction of Castle Street and Great Saffron Hill, in the part of Clerkenwell, London, which was the home of the button and picture frame makers, a regular Italian quarter; and there was bad blood between the British and Italian competitors.

All afternoon the merrymaking had been going on, and just before six o'clock in the evening a group of Italians entered the pub, headed by a frame-maker, Gregorio Mogni, who was evidently somewhat excited.

He walked over to where the landlord, Frederick Shaw, was serving drinks, and, making a grimace, shouted, "You struck an Italian," and gave Shaw a blow in the face.

Now, Fred Shaw had struck an Italian a few days previously when he bundled several out of his pub; and Fred Shaw was not going to be struck by an Italian. He was about to show Gregorio Mogni a few passes when his friends restrained him with difficulty.

Meanwhile Mogni, followed by his companions, entered the taproom.

Alfred Rebbeck, the potman, was in the bar at the time and saw the incident. He had to go into the bagatelle room, and as he passed through the taproom he saw the Italians were mostly carrying knives. They jeered at him as he forced his way through, and when he arrived at the bagatelle room Rebbeck told the British assembled there that trouble seemed to be brewing.

The British had been drinking heavily, as had everybody, and, hearing that the Italians had knives, it was suggested that they, too, should get some handy weapons.

Rebbeck volunteered to get some sticks. He scrambled

through a window of the bagatelle room into the yard and handed in a few broom handles, a blind roller, and a wooden stick used for stirring clothes in the wash-copper.

Having done this, Rebbeck re-joined the British party via a staircase from the cellar which led into a cupboard in the bagatelle room.

While this was going on, Big Michael Harrington continued to sing "The Ship's Carpenter." But a Mrs. King, who was there with her husband, decided that she was going home. She rose and went towards the door.

As she reached it, the storm broke. The door was flung back, Mrs. King was knocked senseless, and the Italian rabble burst into the room. The fight was fast and furious; and then the Italians fled.

But they left four British stabbed, two seriously. Harrington was on the floor, and Rebbeck was leaning against the wall with his hand pressed to his side. The only Italian left in the room was one who was being held down over Harrington's body by several Britons.

At this moment the police entered. Fred Shaw, the landlord, had gone out after Mogni struck him and fetched a plain-clothes policeman; but the policeman, seeing the Italians with knives, went for reinforcements and came back with a uniformed constable.

It was time.

Rebbeck, the potman, had been stabbed on the right side. He was in a serious condition. A man named Charles Bannister had had part of a finger sliced off. They were at once sent to the Royal Free Hospital.

But they were not the worst. Michael Harrington had been stabbed deeply in the abdomen. The knife had turned in the wound and had ripped out his bowels. With all haste he was removed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but his case was hopeless.

The Italian who was being held by the British was known. His name was Serafino Pelizzoni. He had taken one or two blows on the head with sticks; and he was being marched, none too tenderly, to Clerkenwell police station.

Pelizzoni had always borne a good character. He was searched for weapons, but he had no knife, except a small, unused pocket-knife, incapable of inflicting the wound on Harrington.

But there was blood on his hand, and the Englishmen swore that he was the culprit. The potman, Rebbeck, in particular, declared that he saw Pelizzoni do the deed.

Pelizzoni was there and then charged with assault, but he replied that he was innocent and had not used a knife. He was hustled off in a cab to where Rebbeck lay in hospital, and here Rebbeck identified him as the man who had stabbed him, too.

All this bewildered Pelizzoni. He seemed dazed and made no reply; and while the police were noting things there came word that Harrington was dying in St. Bartholomew's, and the prisoner was taken there.

Round to the hospital Pelizzoni was hustled, and faced with the dying man, around whose bed a number of people were gathered.

Inspector Potter addressed the dying man: "Michael Harrington, in consequence of what the doctor has told me I believe you have only a short time to live. Can you look around and identify the man who stabbed you?"

Harrington indicated Pelizzoni and added: "I hope God will forgive him, as I do. That

is the man who did it."

The police had been writing fast on a notebook, and in proper official manner, presented this to Harrington to sign. But, to everybody's surprise, Harrington refused to give his signature. All he said was, "God forgive him, as I do." Then he became unconscious and died.

From that moment there began the strangest, most fantastic legal maze that ever tortured a British court of law. A blood-stained knife found near the pub was put in as evidence. It was never proved that this knife belonged to Pelizzoni. He and other Italians denied that it was his.

On January 4th he was brought up at Clerkenwell police court, where he was defended by a solicitor.

The defence was that it was not Pelizzoni who had stabbed Harrington, but it was Gregorio Mogni. Where was Gregorio Mogni? He had disappeared.

Nine Italian witnesses declared that Pelizzoni was in a neighbouring pub when the brawl started at the "Golden Anchor." But the nine witnesses were disbelieved, and Pelizzoni was sent for trial at the Old Bailey.

On January 23rd he was brought up at Clerkenwell again, this time charged with attempting to murder Rebbeck, the potman. The latter had been stabbed in the lung, and was carried into court on a stretcher.

He identified Pelizzoni as his attacker, but could not say that he saw Pelizzoni stab Harrington. He had fainted, he said. Again other witnesses declared that Pelizzoni was innocent.

The next appearance of Pelizzoni was at the Old Bailey. His defence was the same—that the stabber was Gregorio Mogni. One witness declared that he saw Pelizzoni in the "Three Tuns" pub at the time of the brawl, and had seen him go to the "Golden Anchor," which he entered "very quietly."

An Englishman, George Eaton, said he watched the fight in the "Golden Anchor," and saw Pelizzoni there, but he did not have a knife, and Pelizzoni was knocked down by someone in the bagatelle room.

Not a single point in the prosecution but was met by the defence. Not an accusation but was opposed by a denial. Witnesses on both sides were shaken by the counsel. Contradictions and confusion abounded.

Yet the jury took only ten minutes to make their decision. They found Pelizzoni guilty of murder.

Baron Martin, the judge, agreed, and said "the evidence was about the clearest and most direct that, after a long experience, I have ever known."

Pelizzoni collapsed in the dock, after a nine days' trial. He went back to prison to keep the appointment with the hangman.

And was that the end? Not by a long chalk.

For, five days after the trial, which took place on February 8th, an event occurred that blew the jury's verdict, the judge's comments, the entire prosecution, sky high, and started a train of legal gymnastics of amazing proportions.

On that fifth evening a Mr. Negretti walked into King's Cross police station leading Gregorio Mogni, the missing Italian, by the hand.

Gregorio was weeping. But he had come to confess that he was the man who had used the knife in the "Golden Anchor."

STUART MARTIN WILL TELL YOU THE END OF THIS ASTOUNDING STORY NEXT WEEK.

# Fury of the Tempest

"BY this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens.

"Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep, bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!"

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but in some manner which I could not understand the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

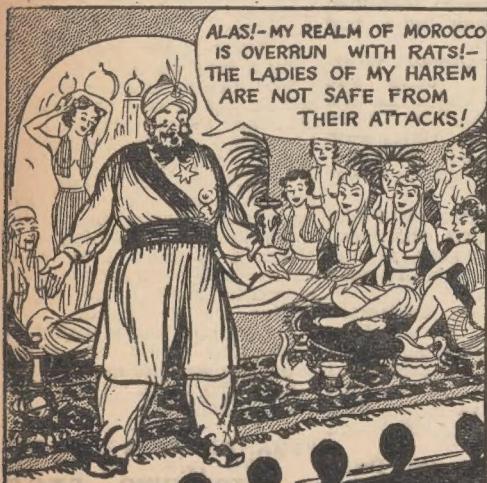
"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears strange to a landsman—and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—as if into the sky.

"I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant.

"The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the everyday Moskoe-ström than the whirl, as you now see it, is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out

## JANE



like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth. I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the nearer to its horrible inner

ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them, while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer, and

make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased, and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon,

from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss."

(To be continued)

I am always very glad when Lord Salisbury makes a great speech. . . . It is sure to contain at least one blazing indiscretion which it is a delight to remember. Earl of Morley (1843-1905).



By  
EDGAR ALLAN POE

by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood

## WANGLING WORDS—205

1. Put cold sweets in LE . . . TER and make a town.

2. Rearrange the letters of BE IN BARS and make an Australian port.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: STAR into RATS, HAIL into GANG, GNAT into TANG, CHOP into SUEY.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from INDIGESTION?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 204

1. CumberLAND.

2. ARKANSAS.

3. AUG, DUG, DUN, DEN, DEC, GOLF, GOLD, COLD, CORD, FORD, FOOD, FOOT, COOT, CLOT, CLOG, FLOG.

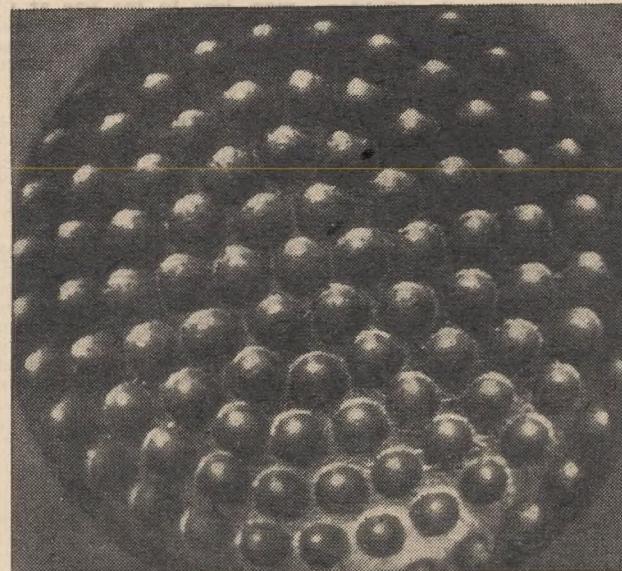
STEW, STEM, SEEM, SEES, BEES, BETS, WETS.

SPIN, SPAN, SPAR, SOAR, ROAR, ROAN, LOAN, LOON, NOON, NOUN, NOUS, NOBS, NIBS, NIPS.

4. Pies, Pipe, Pope, Pine, Epic, Pile, Pane, Slip, Slap, Pals, Pain, Lain, Nail, Opal, Pail, Cope, Lops, Lips, Laps, Pace, Cape, Pops, Soap, Coal, Coin, Cone, etc.

Copal, Scopie, Opals, Aspic, Spoil, Lopes, Spine, Lines, Pales, Slope, Poles, Scale, Scone, Alien, Alone, Plain, Plane, Slain, etc.

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



### WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Quiz in No. 249: Gramophone Record on Table Cloth.

keenest curiosity about the whirl itself.

"I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity; and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession, and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw for yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the

edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt.

My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp.

"I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could

## USELESS EUSTACE



"It was his hairy legs that first aroused my suspicions, boss!"

## Answers to Quiz in No. 249

1. Bee-keeper.  
2. (a) Sir E. Arnold, (b) Kipling.

3. Haggai is in the Old Testament; others are in the New.

4. Severn.

5. The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

6. June 4th.

7. Luscious, Humorous.

8. Gas.

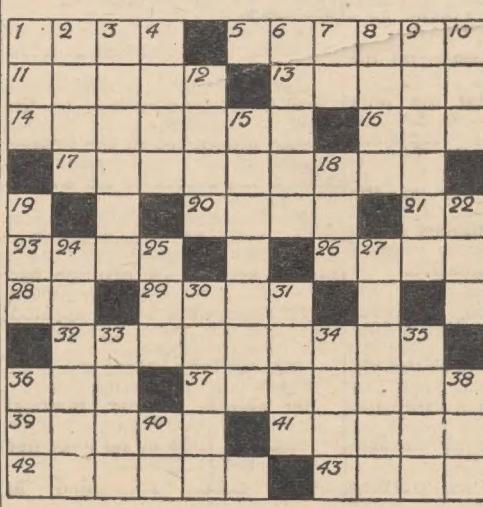
9. Ralph Connor.

10. Row a boat.

11. Khartoum.

12. (a) Betty Martin, (b) Fiddle.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.  
1. Soft food.  
2. On the look out.  
3. Vegetable.  
4. Bird.  
5. Positive pole.  
6. Parent.  
7. Whistle.  
8. Opposed.  
9. Collection.  
10. Number.  
12. Pronoun.  
15. Sturgeon roe.  
18. Wrath.  
19. Number.  
22. Colour.  
24. Inner.  
25. Mouthful of liquid.  
27. Short test.  
30. Pies.  
31. Ugly women.  
33. Anger.  
36. By much.  
38. Mountain peak.  
40. Three and one-seventh.

CLUES DOWN.  
1. AIM, TEA, LIE.  
2. TRAM, SPRINT.  
3. ETHICS, ABET.  
4. HALL, GUIDE.  
5. LOGIC, R.  
6. ALLEY, LOTS.  
7. PAIR, SLUISE.  
8. PRESTO, SARD.  
9. EGG, ARM, RAG.  
10. ROE, RESHAPE.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



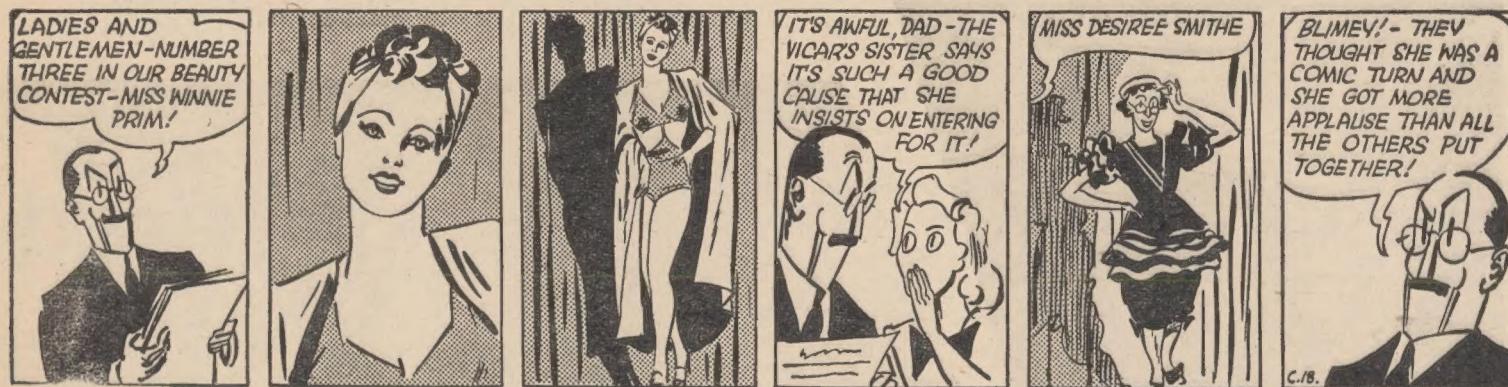
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



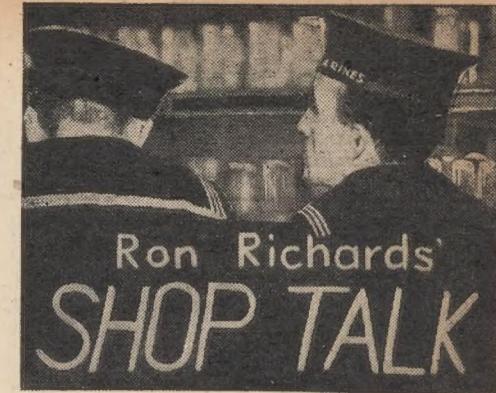
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



THREE letters—and in one day! That is a record high.

Thank you, Mrs. Knights, of Kenilworth, for your letter on behalf of your husband; thank you, "Stokers" (don't you have names?) of H.M. Submarine "Tudor," and thank you, A.B. Rupert Harrison, of "Spiteful!"

The Stokers write briefly to Jane, asking for her photograph, as they follow her adventures very closely. The picture is in the post; below I stand the lady on the shop counter in case anyone else would like to follow or come with her.

Mrs. Knights expresses appreciation of the mobile laundry, and comrade Harrison writes at length on behalf of his messmates to the editor, female and male staff and office boy. He says he would like to repay us in some way for the paper. Now, to me that is very, very funny. You repay US? I won't make you weep by expressing our sentiments, but, believe me, gentlemen, if there is any paying to be done you are to be on the receiving side.

However, we are delighted to get some letters at long last. If in time you get around to some criticisms of the paper we will be even more delighted. Or did I say that some time before, some place?



THE most interesting and thrilling bedecked journey I have made was from the White Bear at Ruislip, Middlesex. I was taken by Stoker Frank Holt, whose home is at Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire.

We victualled up on pints and started from Scotland. We visited Spain and stayed a while at several ports known well by us both; on to America and Russia, and another lengthy stay in Ethiopia, where we witnessed incomplete Italians writhing in agony after indelicate performed operations; and then to China, where torture was also the main attraction. Greece and Norway and Russia were taken in, and we finished where we started—in the White Bear at Ruislip.

But that wasn't really the end. Oh, no! In the evening Joy brought along some W.A.A.F.s and we had to go around the world again. Some trip that second one, eh, Frank?

So there's another submerger who will know where I mean if I mention the Black Horse and the Case Is Altered! I knew A.B. Bradbrook would be acquainted, but I am pleasantly surprised to learn that I might meet a gent by the name of Bob Parfitt in my locals. I hear you were on "Tigris" one time, Bob. If you were, and we meet round the corner one day, I hope you will give out the famous story of the painted cow—and others.

As an after-thought and thought-food, I might mention the Clay Pigeon and the Orchard!

Ron Richards

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

COME TO  
MOMMA,  
DARLING



"Don't take it too seriously, little girl, don't take it too seriously."



"Didn't we tell you? We knew Punch would get out of that jam."



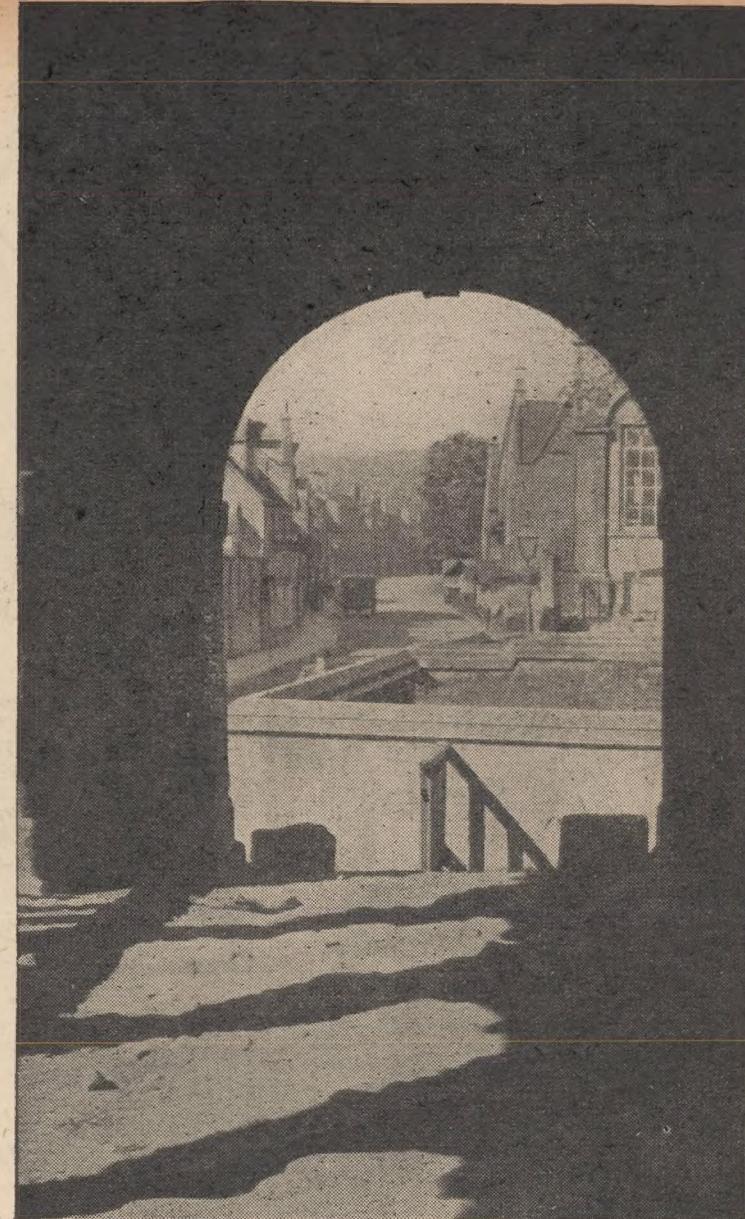
"Why, he's even turned the tables on Judy. Well, well!"



"What? You don't like Punch turning the tables on Judy. Didn't she ask for it, anyway?"



"Little gal — you are hard to please. But surely you know they're not real. Why, look! There's the man who works the show, having a breather. Come, come; laugh it off!"



**This England** Sunshine and shadow. A glimpse of Chipping Campden, Gloucester, through one of the arches of the old market hall.



"What's good enough for the baby is good enough for me, and I wink my eye at the whole business, anyway."

Queen of the  
Ice—Sonja  
Henie



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wish the sea would freeze."

